The Wellesley Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1894.

Greeting to the Day		441
The Address of Welcome	*Lizbeth Gertrude Angell, '94*	442
Advice of the Wise Fool	*Alice Welch Kellogg, '94*	444
"Zu Neuen Ufern Lockt ein Neuer Tag"	*Julia Stevens Buffington, '94*	450
Class Song, '97	*Julia Davenport Randall*	456
Oration	*Margarette D. Purington, '97*	456
Presentation of the Spade	*Agnes L. Caldwell, '96*	458
Reception of Spade	*Helen Webster Pettee, '97*	461
Editorial		464
The Free Press		469
The Shakespeare Play		477
Tree Day, '94		478
Float		479
College Notes		481
Commencement Notes		485
Society Notes		490
Alumnæ Notes		492
Marriages and Death		497-498

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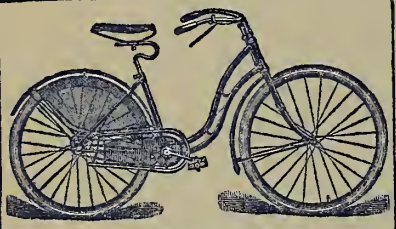

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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GREETING TO THE DAY.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! While bending skies of azure
Speak to our hearts a message sweet and glad,
Pour out a joy that knows no measure,
Empty thy cup of purest pleasure,
And freely spread thou forth thy treasure.
Hail, Tree Day, hail! We cannot then be sad.

Chorus.

Nature around now joins our singing,—
List to her music softly ringing,
All courage, joy and comfort bringing,
Hail, Tree Day, hail!

Hail, Tree Day, hail! We answer to thy summons,
As loyally we've answered oft before.

Once from the sea, a long voyage over,
Once from the Court of wisdom rover,
Once from the haunts of bird and clover,
Hail, Tree Day, hail! We come to thee once more.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! Right royal is thy welcome,
Gracious the greeting which to thee is brought,
Nasturtiums bright — glad jubilation,
Roses, sweet peas, full of elation,
Young daffodilly, sweet carnation,
Hail, Tree Day, hail! For thee with fragrance fraught.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! Dost see the waving branches?
Hark to the message which they now unfold.
See'st thou the silver willow bending?
Sycamore, evergreen attending,
And Tupelo, white pine grace lending?
Hail, Tree Day, hail! To thee the homage told.

Hail, Tree Day, hail! Accept our gladsome service.
Thine has it been, and thine shall be alway,
Over Time's waves, so swiftly flowing,
Grant that these melodies faint growing,
May e'er with thine own joy be glowing,
Hail, Tree Day, hail! All hail to thee, Tree Day!

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HAIL, Tree Day, hail! Hail to all nature, glad in thy festival! Hail to thy memories, and hail to thy promise! Hail to the friends that fill up thy joy!

The waves of thought recede, and returning, fling high up the strand of the present, memories of the past, memories of aspirations wherein the soul mounts higher, of struggles whereby the soul grows stronger; memories of temptations met and mastered, of victories hoped and realized; memories of friendship in whose aspiration there was striving and attainment; and finally, the memory of that life for two years lived among us, in that "high scholarship, staunch integrity, and rare sympathy" which inspires to the noblest efforts. Such memories add an undertone of sadness, but all the fuller and the richer, for the minor strain, shall be the note of welcome we extend to you to-day.

With gratitude and appreciation we greet the benefactor of our college, and the guardians of its welfare.

With earnest, loving greeting, we turn to you who, in the four years through which you have trained our intellect and "guided our search for truth," have brought into our lives the richer experience of high and noble fellowship, the inspiration of strong lives, lived not for themselves alone, the sympathy and helpfulness born of a larger knowledge, and a deeper insight into those problems which must so soon confront us.

Almost inaudible is the note of sadness in the greeting we bring you, our merry companions and trusted friends,— you who are to carry on the work which we have begun, to do what we have attempted, and to attain where we have striven. To you, as in the succeeding years you shall stand where we do to-day, Ninety-four would offer her cordial greeting, her sincere good wishes and her earnest congratulations.

But the minor note rises and swells, and almost drowns the strain of gladness in our greeting, as we turn to you for whom this Tree Day rings the first chimes of the Angelus of your college day. For you, then, is the greeting of closest friendship. Together we have lived and thought, together dreamed and realized, accomplished and failed, and to-day, bound by these ties, united in a common friendship, we stand upon the heights our own dead selves have raised, from height to height advancing as we have done "ye nexte thynge," always remembering,

> "He who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
> From strength to strength advancing — only he,
> His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
> Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Then once again, to one and all Ninety-four gives greeting, for one and all she brings best wishes, with one and all she leaves her last farewell.

LIZBETH GERTRUDE ANGELL, '94.

ADVICE OF THE WISE FOOL.

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."

O, WELLESLEY folks, just look a little pleasant, please! The Wise Fool appears, not to benumb attention, but to offer remarks charged with emotion, luminous as a Stone Hall corridor, æsthetic as a plank walk, brief as a Students' Concert. Her reliability is unequalled, save by the Norumbega bell or the probability of oranges at dinner. Though communicative as a freshman history class, and ancient as the Backwoodsman himself, she will no more flatter than the class photographer. She will surfeit you with jokes like the Ninety-three Legenda. Malice she bears toward none, save anonymous abstractors of umbrellas, overshoes and library reference books. Naught hateth she but the safety ink-well, the leaky fountain-pen and the post-office key. The thread of her discourse is warranted as exciting as the "reading of the minutes of the previous meetings," and, if lost, can be obtained at the general office, — if identified by persons of unimpeachable veracity. Unwelcome advice will be posted on the general bulletin board, that there may be no likelihood of its ever being read.

To the faculty, the Wise Fool is wise enough to say nothing. She offers congratulations on the general clearness of papyrograph papers, and the high stage of development attained by office hours, able to stand alone. True, she is somewhat disturbed over the public announcement that a distinguished member of the mathematics department is soon to give lessons in dancing and æsthetics, — but of this, more anon. Her heart has bled at the sight of grave professors dusting their recitation rooms, in the lack of sufficient freshmen to perform domestic work. She is prepared, at a moment's notice, to fight a duel with that photographer who stated that "sittings on the faculty" would soon be made. In behalf of '94, the Wise Fool takes solemn pleasure in presenting you with one thousand bound volumes of Special Topics and Student Lectures, in covers of imitation calf, deeply bordered with green, and suggestive of absolutely nothing but midnight kerosene.

With you, '95, the case is different. The Wise Fool knows that you were selected for the recent experiments in the new curriculum and junior registration, that, in case of failure, as little valuable material as possible might

be sacrificed. Therefore she will charitably expend upon you all the advice you are capable of comprehending. '95, if you attended chapel more frequently, you would have heard before this that "Love vaunteth not itself." But why rest on your laurels at all? Poor souls, poor souls, a more minute pillow 't would be hard to find! Because of your hoarded ammunition in the past, you are expected to do some fine sharp-shooting, so far as the MAGAZINE columns go. And where, O where are those junior teas you begged '94 to substitute for Prom.? Can it be you have imitated your ancestors of revolutionary fame, and thrown your tea overboard in rebellion? '95, why did you establish the precedent of wearing flowers when you debate? Is it artfully to distract attention from your unsound arguments, or is it consolation for the flowery language prohibited by your instructor? By the way, it is a significant fact, that in the so-called *junior* open debate, one of the four speakers was a senior, another a sophomore. Why, O why did it take you so long to elect your senior president? Do you adjourn and ballot, adjourn and ballot, for variety's sake, or for lack of Robert's Rules of Order? Are senior elections secondary to Glee Club concerts? Do you go home early because too lazy to continue your meetings, or in order to rest your poor befuddled brains? You had no reason to be ashamed of your candidates — neither was indigenous to your soil — why, then, did you veil them in secrecy? '95, right here the college must be notified of the reason '95's cheer was not heard at the Special Flag Raising on Tree Day, a year ago — your estimable organization had serenely absented itself, to have its photograph taken.

One day, '95, when the Wise Fool was examining you under a compound microscope, your virtues slipped into the field. Though your college career resembles a gift book, embellished with cuts, you are as economical of brain force as '94 is extravagant. Combining special topics and forensics makes gray matter go a long way when one hasn't much to spare, and there are many pages to cover. The Wise Fool would not be at all surprised to hear that you have given up Senior Day, — there being absolutely nothing with which you could combine it. You emulate the manners of George Washington, — 'tis well, though late in life. But why not go a step farther in the right direction? Cut down your tree! Only *half* maple is better than *all* maple, to be sure, but a course in botany, with sycamore field work,

would repay you more than tons of maple sugar bestowed upon you in derision.

Wax not so complacent, '95. A Roman triumph, with only gifts as trophies, is but reflected glory, however loudly boasted. Five feet was not so great a feat — ask '96. And when you pull out of your pie plums gathered, stoned and baked by '94, and have opened your mouth to shout, "What a big boy am I!" just tabulate the fact that '94, though perfectly willing to be umpire of all your constitutional difficulties, really feels quite competent to appoint her own committees without your gratuitous assistance. It gives the Wise Fool joy to prove '94's compassion for your *brief* career, by bestowing one thousand choice suggestions, culled from Daily Themes, to entice you through the mazes of that course next year. And to the first row of seniors that are to be, '94 bequeaths the delight and responsibility of getting up in chapel the instant the hymn begins. Did you expect '94 would leave you Senior Day? You look relieved, and so does '94.

'96, the Wise Fool feels that you've really succeeded in one thing — "Being your ain sels," "Much Ado About Nothing." But you'll never get a matriculation card in Poly Con, if you spend fifty dollars on an honorary member's pin, and pay out four hundred dollars for a boat, scorning a fine second-hand one offered at half-price. Entertainments may pay up your debts, '96, but the habit sticks. However, you are not noted for scholarship, but for adorning the corridors, and perhaps it is just as well to try to be ornamental, if one cannot be useful — though you make a bad mistake in being sentimental. The college is in need of spoons, but not that kind. You exert an influence, '96. This was shown by the unusual quiet in the Main Building the night you magnanimously resolved to keep the rules. You can do almost anything in the dark, however, as the bumps on your faces testify. You are always in a hurry to get out of chapel ahead of the seniors, '96, but in other respects you are *too slow*. Even your tree hasn't quite waked up in time for Tree Day, though its lack of verdancy matters little if you are near. '96, the advice of the Wise Fool is, to use technical terms, "Take a brace." If you wish to be happy, don't waste valuable time searching chemical laboratories for H_2O. Don't wash your hair with sulphuric acid. Don't devote much energy to serenading. Don't fail to study statistics as to the origin of half-shells and boat-houses, before making

speeches at launchings. Don't spread a report that '94 stands in awe of '96. You might be called upon to furnish evidence, and that would be embarrassing — for you.

You usually mean well, '96, though you are terribly careless about elevator etiquette; and you do have a pretty stiff programme. Like the lark, you are rapidly dying of early rising, and may in time become extinct — who knows? Indeed, you labor fairly well under some conditions, but do not let diaphragmatic action and the devitalization of the lower jaw prove too discouraging. Persevere, and you may even yet become a Wise Fool. Would you like to become a Wise Fool, '96? Only get *wisdom*, and the deed is accomplished. To you, her humble worshiper, '94 presents most tenderly the shades of Senior Day, her old forensics for your use next year, and all her senior privileges — second-hand, 'tis true, but none the worse for wear.

'97, the Wise Fool welcomes these wandering gypsies most heartily. It is only since your arrival that the small boys began to hunt for greens upon the campus. You were a long time getting started, but large bodies move slowly — without ponies. You are useful in the college, '97. Were it not for you, many lectures would have had no audience to speak of. The Wise Fool is interested in you; in your athletic enthusiasm and devotion to the Playstead, your cheerful view of the financial situation, and your biological interest in snakes. She admires the precocious discrimination shown by your fear to entrust Tree Day secrets to the Legenda Board; but, in view of the fact that those very Tree Day secrets, with all possible and impossible details, appeared in a prominent newspaper a month ago, she deems you fit objects of her best advice. Remember, then, — and let others pardon a necessary simplicity of speech — that the College Settlements Association is not established for the payment of laundry bills and broken crockery. That exact statistics as to the average age of the faculty are among the few things not required in the entrance exams. That it is a fatal breach of college courtesy to ask a senior whether she has ever been conditioned. That Harriet Martineau is not a member of the freshman class. That wholesome bread, simple crackers and nourishing milk are far more appropriate than nine courses at freshman spreads. That a knowledge of Greek does not imply admission to the Greek-letter societies. That a free use of the senior wardrobe and Society Hall is not safe for freshmen. That tackling is unfair, even

in the War of the Roses. You may remember a certain war of snowballs, whose decision is pending still. '97, a word from the wise to the wise ought to be sufficient. Gaze upon '96's Tupelo yonder, and devote yourself to that branch of horticulture which concerns itself with trees, that yours too may not *pine* away and die. '97, begin thus early in your youth to reflect that it is always well to decide whether or no you will have Senior Day, before you elect your Senior Day speakers. And finally, if you must elect them by a three-fourths quorum, do sit up all night and complete the work, for when once that quorum is gone, there is no knowing when you will ever see it again. '97, the class of '94, having done her best to influence you by her enforced presence in the Main Building all this year, now bestows upon you, her pet and plaything, all the proofs of her class photographs, believing these, numerically speaking, to be the best proof of her affection. And, that you may not flunk the remainder of your college course, for lack of an inspiration, '94 also bequeaths to you her voluminous note-books — not knowing what else to do with them.

'98, the Wise Fool sees in you the first-fruits of the elective system — a working knowledge of the solar spectrum in earliest infancy. She therefore hopefully proffers the following Rules of Conduct, believing they will keep your tender feet from many a snare and pitfall: (1) The library entrance is not the best place for confidential talks, and impromptu receptions in library alcoves are decidedly bad form. (2) Scorn not the duties of factotum. They fit one admirably for the work of a ward politician. (3) Encourage not the presence of your canine friends in the vicinity of chapel. 'Tis not profitable for them or you. (4) Inaugurate the precedent of photographing all committees. It will be their only reward in this life. (5) When infected with "Wellesley rush," meditate upon the calm deliberation with which the college grounds are cultivated. (6) Do not, in a moment of rashness, don the cap and gown, for to wear these sacred symbols reversed, may be more of a *trial* than you think. Finally, 'tis true that the excuse blank has been reformed, and wires surround the lonely spears of grass on Art Building Hill, but there remains *one* service for you, having the courage of youth, to perform for Alma Mater. Calculate the weight avoirdupois of the heavy articles in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE — a new field for original investigation, just opening up, which will do far more to benefit your fellow-

men than the cruel circulation of questions on "colored hearing." '94 holds out as a reward, dear child, her latest patent for a rattle — senior dignity in cap and gown.

Specials, ye everlasting specials, the Wise Fool has at last discovered the reason for your existence — a problem whose solution was given up as hopeless long ago. They say you don't do anything — you don't even flunk and go home, but the Wise Fool knows better. You brighten the cheerless catacombs with conversation, every word of which is distinctly heard in the faculty parlor above. Specials, the Wise Fool will not presume to advise you — most of you have seen more years of life than she. She makes you, instead, the custodian of '94's fame and reputation, believing thus its preservation will remain assured forever.

'94! '94! the Wise Fool has kept a log-book of your four years' voyage, and, as you have parted with all your possessions, except the Wabanannung, she presents you with this, hoping it may take their place. Open its pages, stained with salt water, crumpled by wind-storms. Do you remember that perilous passage with the Legenda on board, when you nearly capsized because you did not understand the chart? Do you recall deep waters of resignations — not conducive to resignation — when you would have gone to the bottom of the sea, if the old ship had not stood firm and staunch?

Ah! '94, yours has been no aimless sailing of a pleasure yacht, as the log-book shows. You have been *for war, for war!* — you, who placed the first half-shell on Waban and established the crews on a physical basis; you, who put through the boat-house, being chairman and treasurer of its committee; you, who founded two societies and introduced political rallies among college interests. You have started new ideas, waged fierce contests against great odds, taken high stand, and the prescribed courses in physics and conic sections gave you a backbone which stood you in good stead. You have been ground so often that the dross has fallen away, and your true worth is seen at last. Friction vanished when once you reached your rightful sphere, the top. But there is no longer any necessity to boast, '94, for there your work stands to speak for itself. "Let the deed shaw."

You will leave a large part of yourself here in Wellesley, '94, a large part of your heart and your labors, when you go out — to compose monographs for the Wellesley library, or to create alumnæ notes for the WELLESLEY

MAGAZINE; to adorn teachers' agencies and political caucuses, or to lose your trains by ventilating railroad stations. But you will go out, even as you have lived, not accomplishing all that could be wished, but ever keeping in the front of progress, stepping to life's music with the old-time courage and steadfastness; and the cheerful nasturtiums will still light up your pathway; "Doe ye nexte thynge" will still be a watchword; the green and silver will wave triumphantly over many another battle-field; and willow branches will mean laurel boughs.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG, '94.

"*ZU NEUEN UFERN LOCKT EIN NEUER TAG.*"

Now Nature throws her gates ajar
Of sea and sky and hill,
And bids the organ winds afar
Her temple's vastness fill.

The pæan swells its volumed tone
In chords majestic, free,
Or shrills, like spirit heavenward flown,
Its perfect ecstasy.

Lo! At the inmost shrine, all rife
With incense, as ye bow
Ye ask of Nature, "What is life?"
And she gives answer, "How?"

. . . . . .

Do you see? Do you hear?
'Tis as steady and clear
As the call of the thrush from the tree;
'Tis as soft and as low
As the voluble flow
Of the brook on his way to the sea.

"It is June," comes the lay,
And all hearts are so gay,
Earth is drunken with fullness of powers.
"Love, love!" is the glee
Of the wind and the sea,
And the sigh of the bee-wedded flowers.

Each sod is astir
With a thrill and a blur—
Wee creatures that pine for the light;
Each palpitant cell
Of the leaf is a well
Whence flow living fountains of might.

Yet above and through all,
As the sunlight doth fall,
Is the throb of a mighty unrest.
You may feel, if you will,
Creation stand still
In awe of its hopes unpossessed,—

Till fainting, it fades
To the wintery shades,
And its quest? Ah, but one thing is sure;
Somewhere in the bourn
Whence the season's return,
The quest and its answer endure.

. . . . . .

So do they wait, earth's sisterhood!
Unconscious and unblest;
They wear the soul's divinest mood,
The sign of man's unrest.

So do they seek! As grows the moon
From arc to perfect round;
They grope in darkness for life's boon,
What, think ye, have they found?

. . . . . .

Song.

Sleep, sleep,—
Sisters, then sleep!
Cloudlets are drifting like dreams to the west,—
Dream, dream,—
Borne on a stream,
Helpless obey we its blind behest.

High, high,—
See, through the sky
Flees the new moon like a dream to the west.
Dim, dim,
Shadowy rim,
Blossoms the full moon within her breast.

Sweet, sweet!
Flying so fleet,
Vision thou art of our own still unrest.
Lo, lo!
Give us to know
What thou dost seek in thy lonely quest!

Far, far,
Now to each star
Hear the winds whisper the answer, O hush!
Hist, hist!
If we but list,
Dew-fallen murmurs around us may brush.
Sisters, O hush!
The moon shall reveal
Secret of what we feel.
So patiently dream,
Till the brightening beam
Of the full moon shall gleam
Upon us!
Sleep, then sleep!

. . . . . .

The stars of incense dimly shine
And slow the ocean's peal
Blends with the wind as round the shrine
Life's shadows seem to steal.

From Nature's veiled lips there pour
The sad prophetic lays
Of souls self-fettered to the shore
Where useless past decays.

She lifts against the lives misspent,
In parables her word
Of warning and of comfort blent,
And thus her voice is heard.

Nor in the soul of Nature true
Alone the longing hides;
The soul of man is guided too
By unexplainéd tides,

By their mysterious instinct swayed
To leave the sheltering home
Of love and faith and, undismayed,
Obey the ocean's come.

. . . . . .

O the waves sweep in
From the tossing rim
Of the ocean dim and gray!
'Neath the trampling beat
Of the wind's swift feet,
Their proud necks bend and sway.

Then caught in the yellows
Of sparkling shallows,
The billows curve and rear,—
White foam flung out
Like a trumpet shout—
And the sands lie stripped and bare.

So life sweeps in
From its mystic rim,
In the tide of a strong desire;
And ye feel the beat
Of its impulse sweet,
Feel strength and will flash higher.

And "Come" is the call
From horizon wall,
And "Come" from the far unknown;
"O, come," she lures
"To my fairer shores!"
And the soul replies, "I come."

. . . . . .

So ye are pilgrims from afar,
To find new worlds are fain,
And, led by will-o'-wisp or star,
Have launched upon the main.

O, think not that before you gleams
The harbor ye have sought
In youth, or that your prophet dreams
To noblest fact are wrought.

Ye sought the realm where glories lure,
Beyond the sunset bar
Whose shining surf breaks high and pure
Beneath the western star.

Where thought shall be as lucent pearls,
Full-jewelled, though, with pain;
Where love shall smooth his tangled curls
And smile at you again.

And Faith,— ah, through the robe of doubt
Her wings, unbound, shall shine,
The dust and ashes, dull without,
Become a crown divine.

You thought your voyage ended here?
Unworthy then your quest;
Life opens wider still her sphere
Of ideals unpossessed.

Before you stretches still her sea,
Wide, beautiful and lone;
And still through clouds of phantasy
The changeless stars look down.

Ye listen for life's sobbing beat
On isles beyond your view,
Whose shining prophecies retreat
As still your souls pursue.

O, think ye there to drink life's cup
In draughts full, rich and clear,
While ye keep still the barriers up
Of self against it here,—

While still with feverish hearts astrain
To conquer life, ye heed
Nor cry for help, nor voiceless pain,
Nor your own nature's need?

Ye dull! how oft God's tender calm
Has bid you stay! How oft
Has wrapped you, as with subtle balm,
Has soothed with touches soft!

"More Life," ye cry! O, 'tis no star,
No distant goal is life;
It lies around you, not afar,
God's peace around your strife.

It beats and throbs, a godlike "must,"
Its fullness on your lack,
While ye toil night and day to thrust
Its mighty surges back.

Ye make of friendship, habit, God,—
Close walls of self, then fret
Against the rigid measuring-rod
Which ye yourselves have set.

Ye fain would walk life's waves, yet fear
Doth make of truth a wraith
Until it speaks, "Lo, I am here,
O, ye of little faith."

Afraid to think the daring thought,
Or in the deed untried
To feel a message soulward brought
From that which shall abide,—

Ye bind your souls to what is proved,
Cramp down each impulse vast
Which stirs within, and hold unmoved
The shore-tradition — fast.

So are ye safe! Ah, vain! The truth
Ye cling to in your past
Hath burst its form, and left your youth
Its broken shell, upcast.

And now, before you on the sea,
It joins the spirit's call;
What was, what is, and what shall be,—
The Future holds them all.

O, sailors, comrades on life's sea,
Or sad or wise or gay,
Be sure your lives, if brave and free,
Can never lose their way.

And would ye know what ye have sought
And what the truth shall give?
Be not content within your thought
To compass life, but live.

Through searching, loving, working find
A life the truest fact.
God's angels see; on you, His blind,
He laid the blessing "act."

Then lift your heads in noble scorn
Of doubt, and face the west;
Behind the sunset lurks the dawn,
Behind your search, its quest.

Then greet the Future with a cheer,
The past mistaken scorn;
A new day opens wide its sphere,
All hail the unknown dawn.

JULIA STEVENS BUFFINGTON, '94.

CLASS SONG, '97.

I.

Thy dear groves and hills so green,
  Thy lake of sun-lit gold,
We with loving eyes have seen,
  And in loving hearts shall hold.
So the olive of the moss,
  The gold of autumn groves,
And the pine that rough winds toss,
  Loyal Ninety-seven loves.

Chorus.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!
  We, thy daughters, praise and love thee.
Alma Mater, Alma Mater!
  Our best we bring to thee.

II.

Like our flower, so full of light,
  Our golden daffodil,
May our lives be brave and bright,
  Full of sunshine and good-will.
Not content to nurse and dream,
  Swift action be our law,
And our purpose not to *seem*,
  But to *act* and "Let the *deed shaw*."

JULIA DAVENPORT RANDALL.

ORATION.

FAR into the night I watched my simmering philtre in yon swinging caldron. I awaited that most sacred hour when with the archest magic of our race I might read the future. Nor did I wait in vain — once again did the stars forewarn me. And of a truth 'twas a strange conjunction of the shining prophets — one full of meaning. Our favorite planets, clear and brilliant, in the ascendency, were approaching others which I knew not. Mars declining. All bespoke a friendly conclave of the nations. More, however, I could not read of certainty; but from the old traditions of this land I learn, O gentle guests, that 'tis your honored custom to meet with such wandering tribes as we, who tarry for a time among you, and to

ask them, as it were, for their passport to your own good favor. We, a tribe of simple-hearted gypsies, are nothing loath to do as you require. We have much to tell you. On this festive day which you have chosen, we are most glad to welcome you to our shady forest glades, and to let you witness the mystic rites and ceremonies of our race. At last would we declare to you the symbols by which in future you may know us, the facts and emblems from which you may learn our tastes, our virtues and high aims. Of our loyalty to our "College Beautiful," this land in which we have cast our lot, we will let our deeds in past and future tell you all. See them aright and never for an instant will you doubt us.

When, a band of free and freedom-loving gypsies, we did, in our strange wanderings, cross the borders of this land, 'twas with many doubts and fears — naught knew we of its laws and customs. But full propitious on the eve of our arrival were the auguries of our destiny — our energy and high aspirations, our own great stars. How faithful they are as prophets, our life, our deeds and actions will most truly tell you. In our journey to this our present resting place, not one among us but had many conflicts with the forces chemical, mathematical, and, mayhap, physical which did try to overcome us. How well we conquered, our numbers here must tell you. We passed the one great obstacle placed in our path by the magistrates of the land, seemingly to prevent our unconditioned entrance. But enter it we did, all our great host, the largest in the land. Soon we learned to climb the hills, even one snow-covered did we climb with ease. And at the summit of each one were we never slow to make the best of what we found, even were it an ice-bound fort filled with crafty sophomores, who met us not with weapons we had chosen, but with deep and complex strategem, which did put us to a disadvantage in the contest. We, in our former merry life, had been accustomed to open play, and understood them not. But here another time were our good planets gracious. Truly, think you not, they have proved ever faithful in their prophecies of our good fortune.

And that we might in future follow this same straight path to victory, by which our destiny has so far led us, we did express the principle which should ever guide us, which, pointing out the way to conscientious action, should ever bid us not to tarry by the way in idle boasting, but to "let the deed shaw" what we are. And so, taking on ourselves this vow, we have

let our colors show something of our character and tell better than any words of ours, the end for which we strive. They are the *gold* and *olive.* Not the green, we would remind you, which characterizes the verdancy of early spring, and which suggests to some jesting, thoughtless spirits ignorance and immaturity, but the olive have we chosen, the olive of somewhat later growth, telling of life and vigor, having in it the possibilities of development and the promise of the glorious autumn fruitage. This promise our gold bespeaks, and for some reminder of it, for our own encouragement, need we but turn to our golden daffodil, the flower we have made our own. Can we but obey the dictates of your honest face, O sprightly daffodil, this land and all its people must be at least a little happier because we have chosen thy bright light-heartedness to be our inspiration. And also you, O sturdy white pine, who, in the golden afterglow of sunset, do wear in such perfect harmony our colors, you have we made our own. We dream of you as a tree with wide-spreading branches, one more ornament for our "College Beautiful." May you grow straight and true and strong and ever upward toward the light. May you be to us and to every wanderer in Wellesley's woods a symbol of the truth, the strength, the steadfastness, we admire.

MARGARETTE D. PURINGTON, '97.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

OUR heartiest greetings, little sisters, I would tender. To-day, from every garden and forest have come the roses, red and white, in gala array. From their midst they send me fluttering down, every petal a-quiver with gladness and mirth, to welcome you, '97. Though you are waiting now to say you do not need the warnings and advice of the roses, yet we love you, '97; we have your interests deep at heart. We know that you are yet young in the ways of the world, and since our petals are a little fuller blown, and we have faced the bitter winds a little longer, we would say, give some heed to our advice.

So the roses have bade me tell you a little story. Now, once there was a beautiful forest, into which, every year, there came some new flower to be

watered by the springs of knowledge welling up throughout the forest. The flowers lovingly called this woodland "Alma Mater." One year, there came into its glades a tiny bud; quiet and uninteresting it was called. But one bright morning, the flowers found that the quiet bud had bloomed into a delicate white rose, who pricked them sharply for their taunts.

So the buds bloomed and opened wider, until, on the great forest gala day, the roses carried off the laurels, as to-day, little hoyden gypsy, we expect you to do.

When again the forest was resplendent in autumn glory, another bud was admitted, a tiny green thing. On and on they came, buds innumerable, until the forest could hold no more. Two virtues marked them all: their deep reverence for the nasturtium, imposing in cap and gown, and their love of activity. All day they chased the bright butterflies, or tossed the snowy thistledown at each other, or at the roses. Well might they flutter about in these airy sports; they had the time.

Back in the early history of the forest, the wells of knowledge were dug very deep, and to drink of them, the flowers must needs dip deeply in. Often the plunge was fatal, many were drowned. But e'er these little green buds came, the wells were repaired, the waters of knowledge brought nearer the surface. Only slightly need the young flowers dip for their draught. Thus they were blessed with golden leisure to chase their favorite phantom. What marvels they were! How they strove, and trained, and trained again! How the venerable forest was overhauled to find the grassiest spot of all for their playground.

Yet with all their training, despite their marvellous agility, when a mighty breeze at midyear blew, and the waters were very turbulent, many of the buds were broken by the blast; many engulfed by the surging waters; many, though not destroyed, fatally bent. So, e'er the buds had time to open, many were gone, and the flowers never knew what they would have been. But soon the poor bedraggled buds raised up their heads, and in the sunshine that came after the storm, they began to bloom.

Little girls, what do you think they became? Out from the tiny green coverings peeped little yellow tips; and lo! they blossomed forth dainty daffodils, in whose bright faces we saw our own little '97.

Once, '96, longing for a frolic, invited her little sisters of the daffodils to

a snow-fight. Though one small maid was heard to lisp, "I think it's real mean in '96 to challenge us, when we were just going to challenge them," yet they accepted the summons; they made the rules and chose the weapons, too. But in the fervor of the fight, they forgot the weapons they had chosen, and alas! they used their little hands. They forgot the rules they had made, and e'er long, by their Herculean strength, they were tossing their smallest members, despite their frightened protests, among the children of the roses. But '96 forgave them; they were such little girls.

At last, at last, '97 was to have a class meeting! Perhaps it was the sage advice received long ago from '95, when she told '96 that "hazing was a relic of barbarism"; or perhaps it was the naturally angelic tendencies of the rose children that prompted them to disappoint their little sisters. Be that as it may, '97's candidates suffered needlessly, locked up in the dark, for the class meeting reached its close in safety.

Soon after this, a little '97, who had drunk more deeply of the forest waters than many of her class, was allowed to join the ranks of the rose children. When, to the consternation of all, this little girl sorely vexed and grieved her tiny sisters by masquerading in the sacred cap and gown, the naughty sprites disowned her, and sought to lay her sin at the door of the unimpeachable rose children. They only smiled and said that yellow daffodils could never be white roses.

I grieve to tell it, but after the novelty of the first class meeting, quorums were ideals to be sought for in the '97 assemblies. One night, the weary little factotum, unsuccessful in her search for classmates, asked two of the rose children to "please help fill the vacant places." They, fearing to corrupt their world-renowned morals, refused the invitation.

Now the time had come when '97 must choose colors that should represent her in the forest world. So with loyal devotion still to her revered eldest sister, and with a modesty becoming her years, she chose — green, representative of her primeval state, they thought in the forest, for they hoped '97 would outlive her verdancy; but by her tree she told them she was "ever-green."

And now, '97, that, as a dainty flower you have peeped forth from your green coverings, though you tell us you shall ever remain within them, we do not despair. The roses extend to you their heartiest congratulations

upon your beautiful Tree Day, and are glad to have honored you by tendering the services of the chiefest of the roses.

One word of advice we leave you. Since all the year you have been blest by our rare influence, we know that you will profit by the example so steadfastly held before you, and we would say with feeling, "Be good, and you'll be happy" — but you won't have any fun!

Though your path through the forest has been smoothed before you, yet you are treading it well, and it is with pride and pleasure that I hand the spade to you. Dig deeper in the wells of knowledge, drink of their satisfying draughts, and when the waters become turbulent, and the winds beat fiercely round you, know, little "daffy-down-dilly," that you have always a staunch friend in the roses, red or white.

AGNES L. CALDWELL, '96.

RECEPTION OF SPADE.

WITH great pleasure have we been listening to your pretty story. Perhaps we might more appropriately call it a romance; for a romance,— do you remember your rhetoric? — "is a record of those things which we *pretend* are real, while all the time we know they are not." But call it what you will, we have been delightfully entertained.

This has been a gala day for us gypsies. For a long time have we been looking forward to this hour with mingled pleasure and fear; the pleasure which naturally comes at the prospect of associating with civilized people, and the fear which is becoming to us in approaching such superior beings. In our midst there are very wise fortune-tellers, who have told us wondrous things about you. Said they to us, "On that day you will hear the most eloquent words that woman can utter, and before long you will be glad to change your wild life to one of wisdom and culture." Thus spake the fortune-tellers, and they were not far wrong.

But far be it from us to change *our* manner of life to yours. Were it not for our out-door sports and freedom, we might not so far excel you in basket-ball and rowing. We have seen with our own eyes that wonderful skiff of yours, for the sake of which you have denied yourselves spring

gowns and other luxuries. Although your voyage in life has heretofore been successful, we wish to join your other friends in warning you not to tip over. You know a college education ought to broaden one's views, and it is sometimes dangerous to be too narrow. But if your bonny "bird of the lake" should bring you to grief, call for '97, who will gladly come to your rescue and bring your scattered birdlings home.

Since you have been reminded of it once before to-day, please recall to your minds again that snowball fight. We know you have tried hard to forget it, and indeed we do not wonder. In one point, however, you deserve congratulations. Perhaps you remember that you yourselves gave us the chance to defeat you. Or, to speak quite plainly, it was '96 who forestalled our plan by giving the challenge for that battle. It was hard for some of us to interpret the very high spirits of the sophomores just before that memorable contest; but the reason came out in due time and touched us all with its pathos. When they gave us that challenge, it was the very first time the '96's ever got ahead of anybody. Surely we can pardon you for feeling elated, and we feel like saying, "Try again, big sister; if you had had our advantages, it would not be such a strange experience for you." This historic battle also brought to our notice your sweet, unselfish natures, so very apparent in some of your number. How delightful to our ears was your sweet "Excuse me," which came like soothing balm after your hardest snowballs. The shrinking, sensitive side of your nature, which we saw so plainly at that time, makes us all the more surprised at your warlike character to-day. But we would humbly suggest that in the next struggle you lose it would be better not to do *quite* so much tackling. Then you will not have sore consciences to aggravate the pain from your wounded eyes. But we see on your faces unmistakable signs of repentance, so we will forgive you.

I wonder why you rejoice with such unseemly mirth over our rather late organization. That it was not *our* fault we have surely proved to you, by doing in two weeks work which kept *you* occupied for two months. We have always tried to give you credit for the same amount of courage we ourselves had, but where was the hazing we so confidently expected? Perhaps you were frightened when last year you tried your power on *little* '97. No wonder then you did not dare attack the whole of us. Now let me

explain to you the fright which you *say* you saw on our faces before our class election. That was purely a freak of fancy, due to your last year's memories, or it may have been simply the reflection from your own faces. Do not for a moment think we lay the lack of hazing to want of energy on your part. No doubt you were spending your strength on your lessons like the dutiful children you are.

Perhaps you have noticed as I have, a strange transformation to-day. You have heard the white rose actually boasting her own superiority over our gleaming daffodil. Does that seem to you consistent with the proverbial modesty of the white rose? We would not wish to wither her with scorn, for she might completely hide her head, but if her character to-day is truly being her "ain sel," then we are disappointed in the lovely white rose. Which shall have the brighter record and be more true to its colors, the white rose or the daffodil, we are willing to wait and "let the deed shaw."

At this point we want to thank you for your kind advice, so graciously given to-day and at the beginning of the year. At first we felt a little puffed up to think we were the few honored ones to receive such wise counsels. Our pride, however, was somewhat humbled when we saw that you favored every one, even the seniors, with your words of wisdom. Do you recall that demure senior opposite who meekly trotted to the bread-room at your bidding? She, at least, will never forget with what kindness you greeted her on her return, and with what condescension you explained to her the workings of the college. This, of, course, happened before the arrival of the caps and gowns. Since that time we give you credit for showing a little more discernment.

In speaking of caps and gowns, I am reminded that only recently have you realized the difference between this costume and ordinary raiment. Did you not find to your sorrow that the "divinity which doth hedge" a '94 is not entirely due to the virtue of the cap and gown? We admire your lofty aspirations, but we shall learn from you that the shortest way to senior dignity does *not* lie through appropriating their outward apparel. For some reason — I cannot tell why — the word presumption keeps coming to my mind. Of course it has no connection with your class, so I will banish it from my thoughts.

From my long neglect of the subject in hand, you will soon begin to think that "I hesitate to call a spade a spade." '97 takes with gratitude this honored heirloom, and asks the good wishes of all her friends, that she may win as good results from her digging as did the class of '96. You may treat many and perhaps all of the things I have said, as variables, assigning to them any value you please, but remember that the love we feel for you, our sophomore sisters, is most truly a constant. To you, in all seriousness, we owe much of the happiness of this, our freshman year. Although we may not have the pure, spotless record of the white rose of '96, we shall hope to be true to our own flower, the sunny daffodil, by making the world a little brighter and happier for our presence. Can we not, each one of us, with never-failing loyalty to her own class, still help each other to be her "ain sel'," and to "let the deed shaw"?

HELEN WEBSTER PETTEE, '97.

Editorial.

I.

THE days of festivity and gladness, which are the sure tokens that the end of the college year is nearing, bring to each one of Wellesley's true-hearted daughters a new sense of loyalty and loving devotion. The weariness and disappointment of the long months spent in hard study pass, and fair ideals of truth and beauty bring new encouragement and promise.

In the midst of all this enjoyment there is felt an undernote of sadness as each year Wellesley sends forth from her protecting walls those who return to her no more. It is not for us to moralize. Each member of the senior class realizes, as can no other, the sadness with which the ties that have bound each to the others, and all to the college, are loosened. Yet we who remain behind for a little to dream of life and plan for its fulfilment before its reality dawns upon us, would extend our hands in a warm grasp of sympathy and fellowship, as a token that fair hopes follow, while with us remain a sense of loss and a fond remembrance of the class of '94.

II.

ONCE or twice during the year it has been the custom of the editors to ask again the old question, "Why is it that the girls do not write for the MAGAZINE?" Each time the need for freer contribution is expressed more forcefully, each time the editorial tongue grows more persuasive, and yet arguments, entreaties, fall apparently upon unhearing ears.

Instead of following the time-honored example of our predecessors we have decided to try a new course of action, and by telling what we most want for the MAGAZINE hope to rouse some latent ambition or to fire with enthusiasm some loyal college spirit. In turning over the pages of back numbers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, we observe with a just pride the large number of excellent papers which have given to the monthly a tone of dignity and scholarship. Yet we must admit that the solid article has been in such preponderance as almost to justify the Legenda grind.

It is a well-known fact that the "heavy article" seldom appears in the columns of the men's publications. It may be that their conspicuous absence is due to a certain false pride, or an abnormal fear of appearing ridiculous, but it is certain that a man does not send in an essay upon which he has not spent weeks of careful thought. We are constantly told by those of authority that the kind of writing which young people can do best is in the line of the short story or the lighter sketch. No one wishes to peruse the opinions of a philosopher of twenty summers upon some abstruse question which only an Emerson should attempt. It must, however, be remembered that very earnest literary effort may be well spent upon the short story. We have at times been forced to conclude that the girl who is asked to contribute something light thinks the work of a few hours or of an evening at most quite sufficient. Our life here is so hurried and nervous that the results of our labor are seldom finished and, alas, almost never artistic. Too often we write for the mere sake of writing. If the structure is good and the massing correct, we are satisfied. Too often we choose a certain subject because it will work up effectively, entirely forgetting that to reach the heart of another we must be touched ourselves. As it is the true story which appeals to the child, so it is the record of our own experiences which appeals to us older children.

Not many people have a large number of embryonic tales and sketches laid up within the storehouse of their brains, but material will come to the notice of him who searches for it, and we urgently ask that all loyal members of the "college beautiful" will be on the outlook this summer for the "literatesque," which useful word might well be in our vocabulary. With a long vacation before us, we are optimistic enough to hope that after the first delight of absolute laziness is over, some will give a portion of their time and thought to the production of such articles as will raise the standard of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to the level of the "Harvard Monthly," or the "Nassau Lit."

III.

THOUGH no one who has enjoyed the privileges and advantages of a four years' course in college is disposed to doubt, or even to question, the value of a college education, yet we should be broad enough to realize that education is not necessarily the product of a special method, the collegiate. It may as well be the result of general training; of independent scientific research; of literary ability; or, best of all, of character. No one questions the excellence of the first method, but, especially among college-bred women, is the second apt to be underestimated. Mr. Mabie, in a recent lecture, showed us how little true culture depends upon the mere acquisition of book-learning, and how petty is the collegiate complacency which is said to characterize the possessor of a recently acquired degree.

The non-collegiate woman has opportunities for a deeper insight into life and a broader knowledge of current events than we. Intense desire for knowledge, with persistence and discrimination in choosing the best materials, can develop a strength of mental ability and an amount of learning which will compare favorably with the power of a college graduate. As it is becoming the natural, the customary thing for women to have a higher education, it is painfully evident that girls often come to college merely for a "good time," or to satisfy the ambitious longing of some fond parent. Thus, we cannot expect to always realize that which should be our ideal, the all-around woman.

Miss Irwin, the new Dean of Radcliffe College, is a good example of a finely educated, cultured, non-collegiate woman. She has seen much of the world. She has moved in the best circles of society and shows how true a

refinement is breadth of sympathy and a keen appreciation of the relationships of studies and events.

IV.

TO the lists of the needs of the college, as set forth by the calendar, there might well have been added, as many a weary parent or perplexed young man would testify, "a guide-book of Wellesley and vicinity." At length, though no philanthropist has given us a chapel or a new gymnasium, this minor demand has been satisfied. Two of Wellesley's alumnæ have recently published a very valuable little volume, under the title of "The College Beautiful." The charming introduction by Professor Bates is an eloquent justification of Wellesley's right to her distinctive title, "The College Beautiful." This sketch is followed by clear descriptions of the college buildings and organizations, and well written accounts of college days, recreations and athletics. A few statistics are given for the benefit of the accurately minded, and there are a number of exceptionally good illustrations, many of which are identical with the views sent to the Fair last summer. The most useful feature of the book is the maps; one, of the grounds and immediate surroundings; the other, a road map of all the country within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles.

The whole book is very attractively gotten up, and is a most desirable souvenir of the college, while the information which it contains will be found valuable and interesting to both visitors and students.

V.

IN looking over an old copy of "Harper's Magazine," our attention was caught by an article on Wellesley College. It was written by Dr. Edward Abbott and, coming out in August, 1876, shows the college at the beginning of its second year. With considerable interest we looked to see what ideas of the student life in those days it gives, what it suggests of the many and rapid changes which we know have taken place in the eighteen years since it was written.

As the object of the article was probably to bring the college, which was not then old enough to be well known, before the public, a large proportion of it is devoted to details in regard to the college buildings, the courses of

study and the students' current expenses. In those days College Hall was the only building, although Dr. Abbott anticipated even then the early need for more room. The observatory which we sometimes hear referred to as a kind of "castle in Spain," he mentions as a want already felt. The description of College Hall is decidedly clear and true. One notices most the increased amount of room now devoted to laboratories and offices, as the need for them has become greater with the rapid growth of the college, and as more dormitory room has been supplied by other buildings. In describing the library, Dr. Abbott says, "Compared with its capacity, the contents of the library at present seem inconsiderable." Now it is somewhat different; we are beginning to wonder what will be done when the few spaces left in the galleries are filled. The comments which the article makes on college athletics are amusing. In speaking of a visit of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to Wellesley, it says: "When Mr. Longfellow visited the college last autumn, it was a delightful row they gave him in an eight-oared barge called the Evangeline, and it would be a fine crew which they could doubtless send to compete in grace and skill, if not in strength, with their brothers of Harvard and Yale." We wonder what Dr. Abbott would have said to the Loch Learoch and its crew. The preparatory course at that time connected with the college is mentioned, and the regular collegiate courses outlined. It is rather interesting to compare these, as well as the requirements for admission, with those of the present.

We wish Dr. Abbott could have shown us more of the real college life in those early days than we gain from slight glimpses. The college has grown and advanced rapidly. It is a question worthy of attention whether the student has developed in the same ratio, whether the close bond which existed between college and student when numbers were smaller has grown stronger as the life has become more complex. We cannot compare with the past but, as one looks beneath the surface and watches the thoughtful earnestness with which many questions of college interest are discussed, there does seem indication of present growth in the manner in which the student identifies herself more and more with the college, not simply as a student, but as a part of its organization and as responsible for its well-being.

The Free Press.

I.

There is a saying that teaching is the noblest of professions, but the sorriest of trades. One is often reminded of it at this time of the year, when many questions are asked by those who are planning to enter the work, and much advice is given by those already engaged in it. This advice comes so often from the standpoint of teaching as a trade, that I wish to offer a few suggestions to our future teachers from the other standpoint — suggestions based entirely on some years of experience in teaching somewhat varied subjects in private schools.

To hear some teachers talk of their work gives one many new ideas in regard to teaching. One could prepare quite a neat little catechism on the subject, beginning with: —

Q. What is the chief end of teaching?

A. To make a living, and that as good as possible.

To those who have any temptation to take such a view of this work, let me say an earnest word. Teaching is a profession for which there should be just as clear a "call" as is generally felt to be necessary for the ministry. Whether you can teach or not, you are not likely to know without trying your powers; but if, after a fair trial, you find that the work in itself has no attractions for you, if it does not bring real happiness, if it is mere drudgery, then, if you must support yourself, do it in some other way, and leave teaching alone.

Something should be said in regard to filling out the registration blanks. The young and aspiring teacher has been urged to declare her ability to teach the entire list of subjects, excepting only languages and music. The first exception is certainly a wise one, despite the fact that all would not agree with it. I could tell you of two girls who were introduced to the Latin language by a woman with no knowledge whatever of the subject, who managed to keep a few days in advance of the class. The results were not all that could be desired. The girls were put into a class beginning Latin the next year, and found the grammar quite unfamiliar ground.

In the case of music, the grounds for the exception are by no means clear. There are few girls here without a passably good ear for music and a knowledge of the notes of the scale. One would suppose them quite as well fitted to give piano lessons to a very young pupil as to instruct older students of keenness and intelligence in chemistry or logic, without having studied those branches. There are teachers, so called, who fancy that a text-book and the ability to read are the

two essentials for success in their work. I know of a teacher in a New York private school who thought it an extraordinarily easy matter to teach geometry. She had never studied the subject, but nothing could be easier than to "hear" the class, after warning them that it was an extremely exact science and must be memorized word for word, including the lettering of the figures! This method may have led to admirable results in the way of accuracy, but I am inclined to doubt even that. In filling out your application blanks, the one thing to aim at is absolute accuracy. When you are asked what subjects you can teach, remember that *can* is in the present tense, and do not add your name to the already too long list of the blind who are trying to lead the blind, generally with the proverbial success.

You will probably for a time find it necessary to teach some subjects for which you do not especially care. That is one of the many taxes laid upon inexperience. You will probably be urged to teach subjects of which you know little or nothing. Often a new teacher comes to the first day of the term with only a general idea of the work expected of her. Insist upon knowing just what branches will fall to your share, at least have a maximum limit set. If the statement has been made in writing, you can politely and firmly refuse to undertake work in other subjects. I have known college girls who supposed they knew what their work was to be, and who, at the beginning of the school year, found added to the list unfamiliar studies, which they could not well refuse to take. By a little care this may be avoided. One can imagine circumstances in which a teacher may feel it necessary to teach a new subject, but it is the rare exception. The work cannot be well done without giving too large a share of one's time to that particular subject, and even then one can hardly give to her class a broad and inspiring view of it. To teachers who realize this lack, it means discouragement and a sense of failure; to others it means superficiality, and a consequent lowering of ideals. This does not necessarily apply to subjects once studied, but now partly forgotten, or to those closely allied to other branches to which one has devoted her attention. In either of these cases a teacher may well feel a reluctance in undertaking the work, yet in most instances there is no reason why her work should not be successful.

Do not measure the desirability of a position by the salary which it brings. The advantages of a school where a small salary is paid will often be greater than those of a school where large salaries are paid. Opportunities for outside pleasure and work, sympathetic and helpful associates, appreciative and earnest students are more desirable than money. Find a place where you can be your best

self, do your best work, and secure the broadest development. All this may perhaps be better secured in a hard place than in an easy one. The experience gained in the first few years is worth far more than any amount of salary; aim, then, at gaining the best experience.

Do not fancy that the largest salaries are paid to the best educated teachers. In private schools the largest salaries of which I know are paid to the teacher's grandfather, manners or dress, rather than to her brain.

The question of specializing must be settled by each student for herself. Perhaps it is true in general that the woman who has done a little work in many subjects will find the best position when she leaves college, but she has not the same chance for advance in her work as her classmate who has spent her time on fewer subjects.

As for the matter of discipline, most students will agree that we gain considerable knowledge of it in college, for the first essential for the control of others is self-control. One who has self-control, self-respect, sympathy and common-sense will find little difficulty in maintaining order in the schoolroom.

But one week's experience will teach you what a whole year of precept could not. Only go to your work with high ideals and strong purposes, and you will succeed. And your success will be measured, not so much by the amount of actual knowledge in your pupils' minds, as by larger thoughts, and a whetted appetite for further knowledge, which are the best gifts that you can give to them.

HELEN A. MERRILL, '86.

II.

"When sorrows come they come not single spies, but in battalions."

Such is the sigh of the Wellesley girl as these bewitching, tantalizing days of May fast chase each other into June. The first of June! Phrase fraught not as to the girl of former periods, with the idea of roses and luxurious abandonment, but to most of us with an overhanging sense of final papers or examinations.

If such are the feelings of the girl who has naught save her college schedule proper to tax her, is there anything to describe those of the girl bearing the burdens incumbent on a member of all the associations and committees one could readily think of in two minutes? and, that at this time when membership in all associations or clubs, for various reasons and one in particular, means responsibility; when festivals are coming, and when academic work, as is usual towards the close, is, with a few humane exceptions, piling itself high on her shoulders. Let us watch such a prodigy. She is a member of her class crew. Float is

coming, bringing not only additional practice in rowing, but also a programme of songs. As a member of the Glee Club, the culmination of whose agony as well as fun has barely passed with the Glee Club concert, this creature feels it devolving on her to undertake this programme. This means to attend any rehearsal, to say nothing of finding a possible time for each, to warble her throat hoarse and her patience threadbare — all of course with the happiest air imaginable. Tree Day is coming. Being able to play the piano and possessing, the unfortunate accompanying quality of willingness, she plays hours for the rehearsals whose name is legion. A member of the boat-house committee, whose cause is so near to her heart as to cause it almost to break at the lack of college responsibility which is eloquently manifest, she thinks, in the dejected state of the boat-house coffer, she attends the protracted mass-meetings for fixing the price of Float tickets. Magazine bills and association dues lie in her box; class meetings are all important to her; receptions and student government conferences fill up her evenings, causing her to sit up till one o'clock on Friday night to write the society paper due on Saturday; prominent magazine articles, forced to be put off till the last moments, must be written before breakfast in the few mornings previous to the day set for them. She does not grumble. She was simply overheard to say in answer to her friend who was remarking that she was engaged in writing five papers, "I would like to study just a little. I wish I had time!"

What does it mean? That this jumble at the end is but the climax of a strain which all the year, though perhaps unconsciously to herself, has been upon her. But what is it doing for her?

All these outside things are classed superficially by outsiders with college life. They are the fascinating part which seems to them the real college life. But are they? Ask any girl here who has come unforced what was her purpose in coming to college and she will be an exceptional girl if she does not say that it was to become broadened, to gain nobility of intellect and breadth and sympathy of interests. The ideal was high; in theory, the balance was kept between solid work that tells and outside work which should be recreation. But the stress was laid, unfortunately, in practice, on the "breadth of interests" as appealing to her as nearer her ideal than "nobility of intellect." Accordingly she engaged in everything offered her outside her studies, feeling buoyant in the firm belief that in engaging in such a variety of things and in learning to do them all creditably well, she was becoming broad. What was the outcome? Just what it will be for all of us who have begun and continued in the same line; who find the burden of manifold duties doubly heavy now at the close of the year when we

are conscious that they have been sapping the strength needed for the burden and toil of the end.

And what have they given us in return? We will find, if we live through it as our sisters have, simply this, that scattering and broadening are far from synonymous. To prove this, one needs only to look at a girl who on entering her college course showed brilliant promise of becoming a scholar, but who, drawn into these fascinating outside things (all the more fascinating because by doing them all she won praise for her cleverness), scattered her powers and, all too late for her to prevent it, realized that her ability for doing scholarly work was gone. A girl can gain versatility, aptness and adaptability by devoting her time to this part of the life. But are these worth the price of scattered faculties and a habit acquired of scattering attention everywhere without definite application anywhere? Could not this adaptability have been less expensively learned elsewhere?

What we are here for is to lay a foundation, and when we consider that it is the only foundation we shall have a chance to lay for all that comes after and depends on it, the situation does look a little serious. But it is true. What we want, then, first of all is a solid, thoroughly built foundation on which, afterward, anything we chose to build will stand well. If we use our mind rightly, if we apply it keenly and steadily while we apply it at all; if we accustom it to dealing with and developing questions worthy of it, and if we keep before it habitually the one solid object toward which all this tends, should we not find that, unconsciously to ourselves, it was becoming broad and choosing the subjects best for it to deal with later. Would it not more easily and readily adapt itself to anything to which it is called without losing its basis? What now is work and a putting out of itself in every different direction, would then be, if we may judge by those who have made the best success, merely pleasant, invigorating exercise of strongly balanced faculties. Let us put our minds down on something worthy of them, and on that of which before we have felt an inability to gain anything but a kind of childish comprehension; let us get the true scholarly grasp.

The question is now of course asked, "Shall we give up all our crews and clubs and settle down disagreeable, slow old digs?" This is a hasty question and an irrelevant one, as a moment's thought will show. It is asked at the moment when one sees only the two extremes — all or none. But the basis of consideration is relation and division of labor. Where there are between seven and eight hundred girls in our college, is it exactly necessary that the burden of our "delightful college life" should rest on the shoulders of the same thirty or

forty? We are said to be girls of sense enough to solve our difficulty. Why not show that we are by leaving the old blind methods and starting from the true point and basis which will lead us to the correct solution.

The problem is simply one in proportion. Why do we not solve it by its own method?

M. D., '96.

III.

Two Free Press articles in the last number of the MAGAZINE have helped to crystallize a thought that has been in the mind of one reader for some time. They are the articles on the aspect which Wellesley life may present to an outsider, and on the tendency to worry which so many of us manifest. There is undeniable truth in both, sorry as we may be to acknowledge it. And once more the question arises, Why is it? Is it not possible that an answer may be found in a loss of perspective of which we are all conscious at times? Many of us have had the experience, during even the short vacations, of looking back on some occurrence of the previous term with an amazed wonder that it ever could have troubled or annoyed us as it did. Many of us have felt, at the very time when we were making ourselves miserable over some happening not wholly pleasant, that when the disappointment or weariness of the hour had passed, and the balance of things been once more restored, our chief regret would be for the lost courage and self-control. When we get away from things they begin to assume their rightful proportions. And with this suggested answer comes another question: Is it not possible to regulate this tendency, at least to a certain extent? We hold our work here as important, and rightly; and we discriminate, and usually with justice, between different phases of the work which are of greater or less importance. But the work here is only a training for the larger work to come, and for the finer discrimination which we will have to exercise in future. If we get into the habit of letting a forensic, or a history lecture, or a literature paper not only assume the most commanding position in our horizon — as it should, for the time — but fill the whole horizon — as it should *not*, at *any* time — are we not, each time this occurs, losing just so much self-control, just so much clear-sightedness?

I do not think that this tendency is confined to college, nor to a view of college work, but I do think that there are some special temptations to its indulgence at college. But it is a tendency to be met with, and, so far as possible, overcome in every position which we may be called on to take; and, just as college offers special temptations, so it also offers special opportunities for gaining the strength and the insight which will be needed through the whole of life.

I. C., '94.

IV.

In the "Advice by an Alumna," which appeared in the Free Press of the May MAGAZINE, undergraduates are advised not to specialize. May another alumna, who believes this advice to be very unsound, be permitted to say a word? First, let it be understood that when I say I approve of specialization in an undergraduate course, I refer only to the limited amount of specialization that is likely to be carried on by a candidate for a degree at Wellesley, — four years of college work on some chosen subject, with, possibly, an opportunity to double in the senior year, making five courses in all. When I was a student, I was strongly of the opinion that the college would send out abler women if there were a rule that no one should receive a degree who had not carried some one subject through three or four years of her college course. My experience as a teacher has served to confirm this impression. I rejoice to see that the new curriculum makes some such provision as this.

We believe that the chief end of education is mental development, not knowledge, and advanced work in one subject, even for the short time that it is possible in an undergraduate course, produces a certain strength and maturity of mind which cannot be obtained in any amount of time spent in elementary work on a large number of subjects. My strong college friends were those who were doing advanced work in some line of their own choosing, and my strong students are those who have decided upon a similar course. It has been suggested that after one has taught a few years, one may, perhaps, be able to go to a great university for advanced work. It is to be noted in this connection that a teacher who is only capable of doing elementary work is not very likely to have a salary sufficient to allow her to save money for future study. But still further, if by confining herself to very elementary work, a college graduate has kept herself a child mentally, until she is twenty-five, it is difficult for her ever to grow up, even in the atmosphere of a great university.

It is true that advanced work ordinarily counts for very little in securing a first position, but it is often true that even a degree is of little assistance at that time. Frequently the college graduate obtains no better position than she might have had, had she never been to college at all. But she knows that the days are coming when her degree *will* be of service to her, and if she is in earnest about it, it will not be long before she will be able to turn the little advanced work she has been able to do to account, too. A general knowledge is certainly desirable for one who has to teach "from three to eight different subjects at a time," and yet the teacher who is altogether innocent of specialization is still liable to be

called upon to teach subjects she has never studied. As has been pointed out in the article before mentioned, deficiencies in elementary work can be made up while one is teaching.

Suppose we do happen to know a little more Greek or mathematics or philosophy or something else than we can ever make direct use of as teachers — are we ever going to regret it? We can always make indirect use of it. I venture to say that, other things being equal, the student in first year Greek enjoys her work more because her teacher has read Æschylus and Sophocles. Then, we do not go to college solely that we may become successful teachers, but that we may be well-developed, thoughtful, useful, happy women. No one is more to be pitied than the teacher who is "nothing but a teacher," for, in being "nothing but a teacher," she even misses being a good teacher. In the enlargement of life that it brings to us, in the fountains of pure delight that it opens to us, advanced work more than pays. For "the life is more than meat."

MARY TAYLOR BLAUVELT, '89.

V.

Why not dub the Free Press the "Growlery?" Few, indeed, are the articles in this department which are not of the genus growl. To be sure, this life is a "vale of tears," and the benefits of protesting against it in print are not inconsiderable. The proud author of a Free Press article peruses her Philippic with the self-satisfaction of a hero and a reformer, feeling that, in spite of misprints, no one could read these stirring lines without rising to put down the evils therein decried. So, even if it accomplishes nothing more, the printed protest changes the individual grumbler into an amiable optimist, and the individual is the basis of society.

But has any would-be contributor ever reflected upon the effect of a little whole-hearted commendation? It is undeniable that the speaker of a pleasant word is always the better and sweeter for it; and it would make every one of us more amiable for at least a week to come upon a bright spot in this waste of woes.

Do, somebody, please say something nice about something, no matter what, so long as it is nice!

VI.

Surely no girl has ever spent a year at Wellesley without feeling her life gladdened and enriched by the beautiful outdoor world which is ours. We sing of it, we talk of it, even the most prosaic of us enjoy it. But some of us enjoy it selfishly. A girl too easily forgets that she is but one of the thousands for whom these grounds exist. Perhaps it is mere carelessness, but it is carelessness

amounting to selfishness which leads a girl to break down the limbs of an apple-tree in order to adorn her room with its blossoms; which makes the paths wide and irregular and unsightly; which tramples out the grass; which uproots the wild flowers. To crush a blade of grass or pluck a flower seems a very little thing, but every such act robs every other Wellesley girl of that much of her "goodly heritage." When you consider how much it means to others' enjoyment, would you not rather get your skirts dusty than spoil the trimness of the paths, or leave your violet bowl empty than take every single violet that brightens some grassy bank for hundreds of passers-by?

VII.

Might we not, with good results, economize the energy which we expend in slamming doors? One slam is not wide-spread in its effects; it only makes the nerves of one's neighbors on the corridor jump, or, at most, stops the clock. But imagine that slam multiplied by a thousand! Would it not be true economy for us to save up our individual, scattering slams until some great occasion, and then unite our efforts? How effective it would be, upon the visit of some prince or potentate, to station an experienced girl at every door in College Hall, and, at a given moment, for all the thousand doors to go to simultaneously in one grand slam! What were church bells and cannon to our Wellesley salute?

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY.

After being twice postponed because of unfavorable weather, the annual play given by the Shakespeare Society was presented on the afternoon of June 2, near Longfellow Pond, with the green slope for a stage, and the trees for scenery.

The play chosen for this year was As You Like It, of which the dramatis personæ was as follows:—

Duke, living in exile		Elizabeth Bartholomew
Frederick		Levenia Dugan Smith
Amiens, Jacques	lords attending on the banished Duke	Adeline Lois Bonney, Caroline Fitz Randolph
Le Beau		Sarah Ellen Capps
Oliver		Helen Russel Stahr
Jacques		Caroline Fitz Randolph
Orlando		Grace Miller
Adam		Elizabeth Bailey Hardee

Dennis	Mabel Thacher Wellman
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar	Christine Caryl
Charles, the wrestler	Marion Wharton Anderson
Touchstone	Alice Windsor Hunt
Corin	Gertrude Wilson
Silvius	Elizabeth Snyder
Rosalind	Virginia Sherwood
Celia	Edith Ray Crapo
Phebe	Grace Cromwell Waymouth
Audrey	Dorothy Allen

Lords, Pages and Foresters.

Scene — Frederick's Palace, Oliver's Orchard, The Forest of Arden.

In the midst of the presentation came the rain which had been feared, and the play was obliged to be finished in the gymnasium.

Although regretting this interruption and the change of scene, the audience had seen enough of the play before the shower to appreciate the additional charm given to the costumes and the acting by the green background and the natural surroundings.

One fact generally remarked was the special fitness of each girl for her own part, while every one in the audience was charmed with Rosalind, Celia and Orlando, and found a continual source of amusement in the contrast between the extremely melancholy Jacques and the grotesque Touchstone.

After the play, the society received its guests in the Art Building, where singing by the Glee Club, during the serving of the delicious refreshments, formed a part of the evening's entertainment.

TREE DAY, '94.

Tree Day came on Friday, June 1, and, to the surprise of all, proved to be a pleasant day in a week of rain.

About two o'clock in the afternoon all the classes except '94 assembled amid much mutual cheering before the main entrance of College Hall. After all were seated the seniors in cap and gown came singing their "Greeting to the Day."

The senior exercises were opened by an address of welcome by Miss Angell, the class president.

The programme that followed gave us glimpses of '94 as it had appeared on the three previous Tree Days,— as sailors, court fools and willow dryads. Between

these glimpses '94's Herald brought to us the Mariner, who spoke of serious things; the Interpreter, with her graceful verse, and the Wise Fool, who discoursed on the virtues and follies of the several college classes — the virtues of '94, the follies of her sister classes. The exercises closed with singing of the "Greeting to the Morrow."

Then the long procession formed and marched to the new '97 tree, the caps and gowns being followed by the Psyches of '95, the red and white roses of '96, who waged continual warfare, the specials appropriately adorned with evergreen and everlasting, the musical scale of '98 and, last of all, by the gay, roving gypsies of '97, who looked like a long, rainbow-hued ribbon as they wound over the green campus.

After the oration, delivered from the great gypsy wagon, and the presentation of the spade by '96 to '97, came a graceful gypsy dance with an accompaniment of tambourines and of music from the opera *Carmen*.

The end of the programme being reached, the day closed with class cries and songs and much singing of the musical Wellesley cheer.

FLOAT.

Float is the one great gala day of the year when Wellesley and the world meet. The crowd that begins to gather in the afternoon wanders through the corridors, gazing with curious eyes on the various college wonders, lunches under the shade of the sacred Tupelo, and lends an air of novelty and interest that arouses in the hearts of Wellesley's inmates a throb of pride and loyalty that the attractions of Wellesley's Float should create such a widespread interest.

Several novel features gave evidence that '94's Float was to be one of special interest; the promise of the new boat-house, the sight of the crews in daily practice under careful supervision, and the unique spelling on the Float tickets.

At half-past six the large crowd was seated on the college shore of the lake and on the veranda of the boat-house, awaiting the appearance of the crews, who soon came trooping down from College Hall, led by the senior crew, and disappeared within the portals of the boat-house.

Soon the sound of a cornet solo drew the attention to the end of the boat-house veranda, and to the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," the swelling folds of the Stars and Stripes floated out on the evening breeze, followed by the applause of the onlookers. A moment of anticipation followed, until from the shadow of

the boat-house the crew of '94 advanced, stopping only to give its cheer before making its way in quick and even time across the lake, followed by a round of applause from the shore. The other crews followed in quick succession, passing, until against the distant shore they rested in sharp outline against the deep green of the foliage. The circuit of the lake was made several times to display the skill of the rowing, and then, as the evening deepened, the crews gathered near the shore to sing college songs.

The boats and canoes that had been darting here and there over the lake, always at a respectful distance, now drew near with their gay display of banners and Chinese lanterns; out from the green leaves along the shore came the gleam of lanterns hidden among the branches; the moon came up to smile on this scene of unusual beauty, while on the shore the people listened and applauded as the sound of the Wellesley songs came in from the lake.

As the darkness gathered, the lights from the shore sent forth a flood of soft light, that reached to the shadow of the farthest banks. All listened in a silence touched by sadness, as to the measured waving of the crew caps there came the strains of the song that always touches a tender chord,

"Where O where are the grand old seniors?"

The songs over, the Wellesley cheer was given, and the crews separated, rowing away in the path of the light that came from the shore, only to come back again in a little while to place the boats under the protecting shelter of the boat-house. The great crowd rose and passed away; silence rested on the shores of the lake, and Float was ended. Only the moon remained to pass over the peaceful scene, touching the white rotunda of the boat-house, making it gleam among the green of the trees, and lighting the quiet towers of College Hall, while the last song of the evening floated across the lake,

"Lake of white, at holy night,
In the moonlight gleaming,
Softly o'er thy wooded shore
Silver radiance streaming.
On thy wavelets bear away
Every care we have known to-day,
Bring on thy returning way
Peaceful, happy dreaming."

College Notes.

One of the most charming concerts of the year was given in the chapel on the evening of the 7th of May. The programme consisted entirely of the compositions of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, probably the foremost woman composer in our country. The selections, which were delightfully rendered, are only a few of Mrs. Beach's productions. It may be interesting to know that among her works may be found a Mass in E flat, the "Festival Jubilate," which was performed by the Apollo Club of Chicago and Mr. Thomas's orchestra at the dedication of the Woman's Building, and her Scena and Aria from Schiller's "Mary Stuart," which was the first composition by a woman ever placed upon the programmes of the New York Symphony Society. Mrs. Beach was assisted in her concert by Miss Emma S. Howe, Miss Priscilla White, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer and Miss Elise Fellows. After the concert, a delightful reception was given in honor of Mrs. Beach, by Professor Hill, who was formerly her instructor.

On Monday, May 21, a reception was given at Wood Cottage by Miss Hurd of the School of Music.

Misses Capps, Hunt, Merrill and Leatherbee received their friends at the Art Building, Monday, May 21. The entertainment for the afternoon was dancing.

On Saturday evening, May 26, Miss Woodman invited her classes in physiology to meet Professor Sedgwick of the Institute of Technology. In the early part of the evening Professor Hayes read a paper on Woman's Dress from the Standpoint of Sociology. This was followed by a few informal remarks from Professor Sedgwick.

Rev. E. H. Hughes of Newton Centre preached in the chapel Sunday, May 27.

The concert Monday evening, May 21, was given by the Beethoven Society, assisted by the harpist, Mr. Heinrich Schencker, of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

On Monday evening, May 28, the annual temperance debate was held in the chapel. The subject was, Is National Prohibition by Constitutional Amendment the Best Solution of the Liquor Problem? The speakers are chosen each year from the argumentative course in rhetoric. They were this year Grace Nichols, Grace Jarvis, Eleanor Stephenson and Isabelle Moore. After the debate a vote was taken. It stood, affirmative, 55; negative, 26.

Work on the new cottage is rapidly advancing. It is expected that this cottage will be ready for use by September.

On Monday afternoon, May 28, the members of the Tau Zeta Epsilon Society gave a very pleasant reception and dance in the Art Building.

A fixed schedule of recitations has been arranged, to be put in use next year. The various subjects offered are divided into groups, and no student is allowed to elect, the same year, two subjects in a group. This will aid the lower classes in arranging their courses, though many of the juniors find it impossible to take courses which they had planned for their last year.

Mary G. Cannon has been chosen captain of the '95 crew for the senior year.

The regular monthly missionary meeting was held in the chapel Sunday evening, June 3. Rev. Dr. Boggs of Ongole, India, addressed the meeting.

Professor Whiting gave a children's party Monday afternoon, May 28. Almost all of the guests present were children of Wellesley graduates.

A very interesting lecture on Women in Mathematics was read by Professor Hayes, before her classes in mathematics, Wednesday evening, June 13.

The various societies have elected and installed their officers for next year.

Dr. McKenzie preached in the chapel Sunday afternoon, June 3.

The last Students' Concert of the term was given Monday evening, June 10.

The College Settlements Association has chosen for its new president Helen James, '95. Miss James held the office of vice-president from the class of '95, and the vacancy left by her election as president has been filled by Gertrude Carter, '95. Edith Jones has been chosen as secretary.

Mrs. Sherwood spoke before the five o'clock prayer-meeting Sunday, June 10.

Dr. Webster's class in philology recently visited the Peabody Museum at Cambridge for the purpose of studying the Indian relics to supplement the work they have been doing in the Indian archæology.

Rev. Mr. Merrill of Newton preached in the chapel Sunday, June 10.

Some discussion has been held recently in the Christian Association, whether it would be advisable to have a student as president for the ensuing year. The result of the recent election of officers shows that the majority of members preferred a president from the body of students. The officers chosen were Cornelia Huntington, president; Miss Pendleton, first vice-president; Helen Dennis, second vice-president and chairman of missionary committee; Sarah Hadley, third vice-president and chairman of temperance committee; Elizabeth Ziegler, fourth vice-president and chairman of general work committee; Louise Loomis, corresponding secretary; Gertrude Dennis, recording secretary; Ruth Hume,

treasurer; Miss Emerson, chairman of devotional committee; Alethea Ledyard, chairman of reception committee, and Emily Brown, chairman of Indian committee.

A new college guide-book entitled The College Beautiful has recently been issued by Miss Hill and Miss Eager of '93. It contains much information concerning the college, and is plentifully illustrated with pictures of the college buildings and objects of interest. Besides, it contains two good maps, one of the college grounds and one of Wellesley and the surrounding towns.

On the evening of May 23, a meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Worcester, at which delegates from the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE were present. About twenty of the leading college periodicals were represented. The business meeting was devoted to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and to action upon certain proposed changes in the constitution of the association. The meeting was followed by a banquet.

On Saturday evening, June 2, following the presentation of As You Like It, the Shakespeare Society gave a reception to its guests in the Art Building. The Glee Club was present and assisted in making the evening a most enjoyable one.

On Saturday evening, May 6, previous to the concert in the village, Freeman Cottage entertained the Harvard Glee Club at an informal tea.

The department of History of Art has recently received from Mr. and Mrs. Amos W. Stetson and Mr. Martin Brimmer a valuable gift of three carbontypes for the lecture hall of the Farnsworth School of Art. The subjects are the façade of Amiens Cathedral, French Gothic; the interior of San Miniato Church, Florence, Italian Romanesque, and the Santa della Salute Church, Venice, Italian Renaissance. The gift is valued at $125.00.

On Saturday evening, May 19, the Wellesley Societies united in giving a reception to the Harvard Union and the Wendell Phillips' Club of Harvard. The reception was held in the Art Building, which was tastefully decorated. The Glee Club was present, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

The Tennis Club of Wellesley College, held, during the third week in May, a tournament on the clay courts of the club. The tournament was interclass, each class playing for its champion. The class champions were Miss Dodge, '94, Miss Chase, '95, Miss Cobb, '96, Miss Dewson, '97. '95 won from '94, and '97 from '96. The finals between Miss Chase and Miss Dewson resulted in victory for the freshman class. The playing took place every afternoon at 4.15 and was well attended.

On the morning of June 9 the '94 Legenda was put on sale for the first time. A rapid sale followed, and the groups of girls soon seated on the stairs and in the corridors poring over its contents with delighted faces gave good evidence of its merits. The college may well be proud to be represented by such an annual as has been brought out this year, and the Legenda Board may take to itself the fruits of well-deserved success.

A conspicuous novelty at Float this year was the new boat-house, which offered seats to quite a large number of the admiring public.

Commencement Notes.

'94 held its class dinner at Woodlawn Hotel, Auburndale, on the night of June 15. The class history was read by Misses Isham and Boswell, the class prophecy by Misses Bixby and Pressey, and the following toasts were given, Miss Laughlin acting as toastmistress:—

Fostering Mother . . . . . Sarah H. Bixby
"Answer to her every call."

'94's President . . . . . Edith Crapo
"Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel."

Precedents . . . . . Elizabeth McGuire
"What custom wills, in all things should we do it."

The Last of a Noble Race . . . . . M. K. Conyngton
"The last still loveliest."

'94's Faith . . . . . Edith Judson
"If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree."

The Prom. We Didn't Have . . . . Emily Shultz
"Oh, thou Tupelo!"

Those Who Toiled in Vain . . . . Mary Clemmer Tracy
"Taste the joy
That springs from labor."

Followers — Faithful and Otherwise . . . . S. C. W. Benson
"Variety's the very spice of life."

Our Only Backward Step . . . . . Anna K. Peterson
"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Evaluated for Zero . . . . . Isabella Campbell
"Sufficient unto ourselves."

'94 . . . . . L. Gertrude Angell
"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint."

Our Future . . . . . Alice W. Kellogg
"Let the dead past bury its dead."

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., of Chicago. His subject was "The Ideal Woman, Her Perils and Opportunities." Dr. Barrows took for his text, "And he came in unto her and said, 'Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee'," and showed how very like those of the educated American young woman were the ideals of Mary of

Nazareth. He spoke of the power of a strong Christian character, and of the great sphere of influence which a learned woman may have, and yet, though he recognized the work which women have done for the world as scientists and poets, he laid especial emphasis upon her life within the home as containing the possibility of the most complete development and the widest influence. The Beethoven Society sang the following selections during the service: "The Lord is My Shepherd," Henry Smart; "Teach me, Oh Lord," O. B. Brown; "Blest Redeemer," Marchette.

Perhaps the most beautiful feature of Baccalaureate Sunday was the vesper service, at which there was given the following musical programme: —

"O Lord be Merciful" . . . . O. B. Brown
Glee Club.
Adagio from the Sixth Symphony . . . Widor
Organ Solo.
"Peace, Troubled Soul" . . . . H. I. Sleeper
Quartette.
Pastoral, Sonata in D minor . . . . Guilmant
Organ Solo.
"My Heart ever Faithful" . . . . Bach
Solo by Helen Foss.
Andantino . . . . . Chaveret—Guilmant
Organ Solo.
Thy Word a Lamp unto my Feet . . . H. P. Main
Mr. Morse and Glee Club.
In Memoriam . . . . . H. M. Denham
Organ Solo.
Our King . . . . . Rotoli
Glee Club.

The regular president's reception to seniors and alumnæ was given by Mrs. Irvine, Miss Stratton and members of the faculty on Saturday evening, June 16, in Stone Hall parlor.

On Monday, June 18, at 3.30 P. M., the College Glee and Banjo Clubs entertained the seniors and their guests with the following programme: —

I. Pretty Maids' Drill . . . . Albrecht
Banjo Club.
II. (a) College Beautiful . . . . Morse
(b) Boo Hoo . . . . Lewis Thompson
(c) Modern College Girl . . . Ritter

Glee Club.

III. Flash Galop . . . . . Lansing

Banjo Club.

IV. (a) Wellesley Mother Goose . . . Edith Sawyer
(b) Wellesley Bells . . . Wellesley Songs

Solo by Miss Yates.

(c) Sprightly Maiden . . . . Sue Lum

Glee Club.

V. (a) Wellesley Charioteer . . . Edith Sawyer
(b) Mens Sana . . . . . J. W. Hill
(c) Wellesley Mädchen . . . Arr. by M. A. Knox

Glee Club.

VI. Galop . . . . . Stearns

Banjo Club.

VII. (a) My College Girl . . . . J. W. Hill
(b) Medley . . . . Arr. by M. A. Knox

Glee Club.

Finis.

The fact that the songs rendered by the Glee Club were all Wellesley's own gave an added interest to the programme.

The Commencement Concert this year was given by the Beethoven Club of Boston, assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen. The Club has given many musical treats to Wellesley students, but Monday's concert was one of the most delightful.

The work of the club was especially fine in the sympathetic rendering of Handel's Sonate di Camera No. XV., in A major, and in the dainty, graceful movement of the Schubert Ballet Music. Mrs. Allen's voice was at its best. She sang Senta's Ballad from the "Flying Dutchman" with great brilliancy, the high tones being especially effective in their ringing quality. In contrast to the dramatic element of this number was the tenderness of Gounod's beautiful serenade, "Sing, Smile, Slumber," with violin obligato, the encore to Mrs. Allen's second selection. The 'cello solo by Miss Pray was excellently rendered, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by their hearty applause.

The morning of June 19 dawned with just a suggestion of cloudy weather, but a cool west wind freshened the atmosphere, and finally drove away the clouds, so that the day became a perfect one for the Commencement of the Class of '94.

The Commencement exercises opened with an organ prelude by Prof. Junius

W. Hill, the Menuetto Poco Maestoso, of Tours. Prof. Lord then read from the Latin Bible the 103d Psalm, followed by prayer from Bishop Foss. After the singing by the Beethoven Society of Mendelssohn's beautiful Motette, Laudate pueri, the orator of the day, Rev. James Gardiner Vose, D. D., was introduced.

His address was a very fine one. In the development of his theme, the "Ideal and the Actual," there were many suggestive thoughts. A few of these, jotted down while listening to the address, may be of interest to those who were not there to hear it. Taking the words, "What one wishes in his youth, that does he have the fulness of in his old age." he showed how the "ideal is not lost through change of form." If we find it impossible to work for the good of society in general, we may know that, "for the great multitude of workers, the work is for individuals." So we can go on and "save the world by doing our next duty." As change of form does not annihilate the ideal, neither does change of place. "It is not the place that makes men learned," and "universities are not made by apparatus, but by great lives." The way to overcome circumstances is to be a circumstance yourself," so "the epic of life, and every life is an epic, may be wrought out in lowly circumstances." "The Ideal is not lost, because never attained. It is always beyond. The great danger is the letting our ideal fade into the light of common day.

After the address, Dr. MacKenzie rose, and, referring in a few tender words to our beloved Miss Shafer, and to the fine work of the chairman of the faculty, announced that Mrs. Irvine had been chosen acting president of the college for the ensuing year.

The chorus, "The Smiling Dawn," by Händel, was rendered by the Beethoven Society before the conferring of degrees by Professor Stratton, and afterward were sung "My Lady Sleeps," by West, and "Lewie Gordon," harmonized by Professor Hill.

After the benediction by Dr. Webb came the organ postlude, the Finale from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The Commencement exercises in the chapel were followed immediately by the Commencement dinner in the great dining-room of College Hall.

After the banquet was served, Miss Stratton spoke of the history of the college during the year just closing, and then introduced Dr. McKenzie, who continued the story of Wellesley life as regarded from a trustee's standpoint. He spoke of the pressing needs of the college, the changes made in its management during the past year, and the welcome additions of a new cottage and science building to be made in the coming year.

He was followed by Dr. Vose of Providence, who spoke of the changes in college Commencements made during the years since his own, expressing his pleasure at being present at this Commencement in particular.

Miss Stratton then read a letter from Richard Watson Gilder, in which he spoke of his pleasant remembrance of his recent visit to Wellesley, and his regret at being unable to attend Commencement.

"Alma Mater" was then sung by the Glee Club.

Miss Stratton next introduced Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery of the class of '84, whose theme was college loyalty and the firm bond existing between the alumnæ and their Alma Mater.

Bishop Cyrus Foss of Philadelphia next spoke of the connection between the Church and education.

The Glee Club then sang "Lake of Gray" and "My College Girl."

The next speaker was Mr. Edward Stanwood, who told of his visits to the college as a member of the visiting board of the English department.

Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, ex-professor of English Literature, made the last address, and took for her theme, "The inspired woman," her past accomplishments, her present work and her future hopes.

"The College Beautiful" was then rendered by the Glee Club, and this was followed by the college cheer, in which all present heartily joined.

The general reception given by the college on the evening of Commencement Day finished the programme of festivities for Commencement week. The lawn in front of the college lighted by Japanese lanterns, and the strains of the orchestra floating down from an upper corridor and mingling with the hum of voices, gave an enjoyable social air to College Hall. Members of the faculty stationed at various places in the first corridor received during the evening. The last words of greeting and farewell were said, and the college year closed, bringing to each one of Wellesley's daughters present a new sense of love and gratitude for the college which has given so much to make life better worth the living.

Society Notes.

The regular meeting of the Society Zeta Alpha was held April 28, in Society Hall. The subject was modern Italy. The following was the programme:—

The Pope and the King . . . . Edith L. R. Jones, '95
The Italian Heroes — Cavoni, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Catherine R. Collins, '94
Music — Song . . . . . Elizabeth M. Wood, '94
Picturesque Italy . . . . . M. K. Isham, '94
The Poets' Italy . . . . . Emily H. Brown, '96
The Present Political Situation in Italy . . Pearl L. Underwood

A meeting of the Society Zeta Alpha was held Tuesday evening, June 12, at which Miss Augusta Hunt Blanchard, '96, was initiated into society membership. After the initiation ceremony, followed the installation of next year's officers. They were: Florence T. Forbes, president; Winifred Augsbury, vice-president; Adah May Hasbrook, recording secretary; Elizabeth H. Peale, corresponding secretary; Helen Dennis, treasurer; Mary Field, editor; Pearl Underwood, first marshal; M. Denison Wilt, second marshal. The society was glad to welcome at this meeting Miss Sue Taylor, '91, Miss Mary Dennis, '93, Miss Isabelle Sims, '93, Miss Cora Stewart, Miss Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Miss Martha Conant, Miss Clara Helmer, '93; Miss Mary Hazard, '93, and Miss Lydia Pennington, '93.

Tau Zeta Epsilon held the last regular meeting of the year in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Tuesday evening, June 12. A letter was read from Miss Maud Keller, who is visiting in Mexico, after which the following programme was presented:—

Bastien Lepage . . . . . Alice Wood
The Manufacture of Stained Glass Windows as Seen in Mrs. Whitman's Studio in Boston . . . Annette Finnigan
French Critics — Taine, Ernest Renan . . . . Adeline Teele
Art News . . . . . Lucy Wilcox

The following officers for the ensuing year have been chosen: Alberta M. Welch, president; Lucy Wilcox, vice-president; Charlotte Goodrich, recording secretary; May Kellogg, corresponding secretary; Alice Norcross, treasurer; Margaret Starr and Mary Lunt, keepers.

A regular programme meeting of the Alpha Chapter of Phi Sigma was held on Saturday, May 26. The subject of the meeting was Ibsen. The following programme was given:—

Significant Events in the Life of Ibsen . . . Isabel Graves
The Vikings of Heligoland . . . . . Ethel Stanwood

Songs . . . . . Helen Foss
Ibsen and Modern Society . . . . . Bertha Longley
Music . . . . . Mary W. Miller
Ibsen's Women . . . . . Mary Woodin

A programme meeting was also held on Saturday, June 2, the subject of which was Wagner. The following programme was given:—

Vorspiel, "Tristan and Isolde" . L. May Pitkin and Mary W. Miller
The Man, Wagner . . . . . Sara Burrowes
Prize Song from "Meistersinger" . . . . Marion Mitchell
Comparison of the Parsifal of Wagner with that of Wotfraur von Eschenbach . . . . . Helen Foss
Presentation and "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhaüser

On the evening of May 30, the Agora invited a few friends to an open meeting in Elocution Hall. The programme was as follows:—

Impromptu speeches:
The Sugar Scandal . . . . . Clara Benson
The Trouble in Samoa . . . . . Sarah Weed
Prepared:
Woman's Position Legally . . . . Elva Young
Woman in Industry . . . . . Sarah Bixby
Position of Women in Suffrage States . . . Joanna Parker

After the meeting an informal reception was held.

The regular programme meeting of the Classical Society took place Saturday evening, June 2. The programme consisted of sketches in autobiographical form. The following characters were presented: Pericles, Creusa, Æneas, Dido, Aristides, Athena, Nestor, Xenobia, Socrates, Xantippe, Medea, Vestal Virgin, Paris, Nausicaa, Penelope, Xerxes, Jove, Juno.

At the business meeting, held June 12, the officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mary Chapin, '95, president; Mabel Rand, '96, vice-president; Irene Kahn, '96, corresponding secretary; Nellie Stimson, '95, recording secretary; Annie Leonard, '95, treasurer; Margaret Simmons, '95, Ida Brooks, '95, and Beatrice Stepanek, '95, executive committee.

Alumnae Notes.

The seventh annual meeting of the Southern Wellesley Association was held in Louisville, Kentucky, on Saturday, May 12, Mrs. B. M. Allison presiding. For the ensuing year the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. B. M. Allison; vice-president, Miss Clara Look; secretary and treasurer, Miss May Stone. The meeting was important and interesting. An account of the work of the College Settlements was read by Miss Abbie Goodloe, and a subscription made to the settlement in Boston. Mrs. Allison gave a very pleasant sketch of the Wellesley of to-day, concluding with an outline of the new system of work which is about to be adopted by the college, and with personal news of old friends. It was decided that the association should ask permission to plant "a memorial ivy" on that spot in Oberlin Cemetery which is so deeply revered by all who knew President Shafer — the desire to make this sign of remembrance being expressed by every member present. The finest and most notable feature of the meeting was the decision that members of the Southern Wellesley Association living in Louisville should make active efforts to bring about a spirit of unity and co-operation among all the college women of their city. A special meeting was appointed to be held in the fall, for the discussion of the means by which this may be accomplished. On the whole, the association has seldom held a reunion so pleasant, and never — to judge from the renewal of hope and strengthening of purpose — one of better promise.

The May meeting of the Cleveland Wellesley Club was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the Misses Pope, Grand View, East Cleveland. As final meeting for the season, it was made an "at home" for the club, and about two hundred and fifty invitations were sent out to the parents and interested friends of the members. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, and the club adjourned for the summer months.

Corrections in the Alumnæ Notes of the May issue of the MAGAZINE: 1. In the notice of the meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club, Miss Wrenn's name was spelled "Wren." 2. The omission of the word "friends" after the word "college" in reference to Clara Helmer.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held a meeting Saturday, May 12, at the Vendome. Miss Calma Howe and Master Robert George, two club babies, were at the same time both highly entertained and entertaining during the afternoon.

The May meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held Saturday, May 12, at two o'clock, at the home of Judge and Mrs. Sherman, 3985 Drexel Boulevard,

where hospitality was extended through their niece, Miss Florence A. Wing, '92, who has been spending some time in Chicago. The members present had the pleasure of hearing several selections on the violin by Miss Wing, who has been a pupil of Mr. Bendix, recently first violinist of the Thomas Orchestra. Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, read an interesting description of a personal experience of life in the South. The sketch was especially interesting for the humorous touches suggestive of the contrast between southern and northern energy. There were some slight matters of business of a local nature brought before the meeting, and some subscription forms were distributed on behalf of the College Settlements Association. The remainder of the time was passed in conversation and the enjoyment of light refreshments, after which the meeting adjourned.

Mlle. Seé, formerly professor of French at Wellesley, has been teaching in Mrs. Sommer's School for Girls, Washington, D. C. At the end of this school year she will give up her position and go to Paris for an indefinite stay.

Miss Alma Jones, Sp. '77-'80, is studying music with Sherwood, in Chicago.

Miss Flora E. Mattison, '82, has taken her degree in law in the Minneapolis Law School, and is about to begin practising her profession.

Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hincliffe, '82, with her family has been spending the winter in Florida.

The address of Mrs. Kent Dunlap Hägler, '90, is 611 East Capitol Ave., Springfield, Illinois.

Miss Maude Taylor, '91, expects to teach at Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Ky.

Miss Sue Cushman, '91, will spend the summer in England.

The engagement of Caroline Maddocks, '91, to Mr. R. P. Smith of University of Chicago is announced.

A fellowship in English has been assigned to Miss Jane Knight Weatherlow, '91, for the ensuing year at the University of Chicago.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, is traveling in California, needing rest from her work at Hull House.

Miss Blanche B. Baker, '92, is to spend part of the summer at North Platte.

Miss Bess Strong, '92, was married, May 29, at her home in New Brunswick.

Miss Mary Louise Marot, '94, takes her B. S. at the University of Chicago in June.

Helen Crafts, '96, after studying a quarter at the University of Chicago, remained at home in Austin, Ill., for the rest of the college year.

The engagement of Miss Agnes S. Cook, '96, to Mr. Walworth Marsh of Bloomington, Ill., is announced.

The engagement of Miss Clara L. Hovey, Sp., '91–'92 to Mr. Royal Raymond is announced.

The Wellesley girls in Honolulu were gladdened by the arrival on the "Salvator" of Captain and Mrs. Tibbets (Grace Cilley, Wellesley, '86-'89). After hurried exchanges of calls, as the "Salvator's" stay was to be brief, Mrs. Henry Castle (Mabel Wing, '86) arranged a Wellesley breakfast at her new and charming home. Captain and Mrs. Tibbets, Margaret Hopper, '80-'83, and Judge and Mrs. Frear (Mary E. Dillingham, '93) were the guests. Such Hawaiian dishes as best appeal to Americans fresh from "the old country," were served to the enjoyment of all, and then the company adjourned to the parlor to discuss the Wellesley friends and customs of any two of these four girls reaching from '80 to '93. Songs followed, in which the husbands joined as best they might, and only to sympathetic ears came "Tupelo," "The Hobby," "Wellesley Bells," and dear old "Alma Mater." An attempt at the college cheer sent all to various duties of the day, wishing that oftener a Wellesley alumna might come to Honolulu and make herself known to those who, though in mid-Pacific, are still Wellesley girls.

Mrs. Mary E. D. Frear, '93, is living in Honolulu, H. I., where she has charge of a reading club for children — object, to cultivate a healthy and classical literary taste. Mrs. Frear is also studying French.

The address of Miss Cora Stewart for the summer will be 264 Boylston street, Boston, or 93 Tyler street, the Boston College Settlement.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association was held in the college chapel, Wednesday, June 20, 1894. In the absence of the president, Miss Luce, the meeting was called to order by the vice-president, Miss Constantine. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. The reports of the various committees were read and accepted. A motion was carried that an accurate post-office directory be published.

The result of the choice of nominees for alumnæ trustees was announced as follows: Mrs. Louise McCoy North, '79, for six (6) years; Miss Estelle M. Hurll, '82, for four (4) years; Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, for two (2) years.

The following finance committee was appointed for the ensuing year: Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84; Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81; Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, '86; Miss H. St. B. Brooks, '91, Miss Alice Kellogg, '94.

The petition presented by the graduates of the Schools of Music and Art was referred to the following committee, to be reported upon next June: Miss Florence Bigelow, '84, chairman; Miss Katherine Horton, '89, Miss Elizabeth M. Blakeslee, 91. The next subject brought before the meeting was the memorial to President Shafer. Suggestions of endowment of the president's chair, of the chair of mathematics, and of mathematical fellowships were made. It was decided, in so important a matter, no hasty action should be taken. The entire matter was placed in the hands of the finance committee, to be reported upon in June, 1895.

It was moved that the Alumnæ Association empower its corresponding secretary to express to Miss Stratton and Mrs. Irvine its grateful and cordial appreciation of the able and successful administration of the college during the closing months of the present year. The following executive committee was elected for the year '94-'95: president, Charlotte H. Conant, '84; vice-president, Alice Upton Pearmain, '83; corresponding secretary, Mary D. E. Lauderburn, '90; treasurer, Mary R. Gilman, '88.

About one hundred and sixty sat down to dinner in the college dining-room. The guests of the day were Mrs. Durant and Miss Stratton. Mrs. Durant gave the words of welcome to the alumnæ, and bespoke their interest especially in the work of the Students' Aid Society. Miss Stratton followed with an eloquent and tender tribute to President Shafer. The toasts were:—

The Alumnæ	Florence Wilkinson
Alumnæ Representation	Estelle M. Hurll
Graduate Work	M. Gertrude Cushing
Athletics	Alice W. Kellogg
Wellesley Aunts	Cornelia E. Green
College Settlements	Charlotte T. Sibley

Miss L. Gertrude Angell, president of '94, sketched the plans of the class for furnishing the new students' parlors as a memorial to President Shafer. The alumnæ then rose and sang "Ours is the Happy Past," the song with which the exercises of Alumnæ Day always close.

The class of '91 met for its third reunion at the Thorndike, Tuesday morning, June 19. Though a comparatively small number were present, the mirth and jollity of the occasion could hardly have been exceeded even by fun-loving '91.

The class of '93 held its first reunion at the Vendome, the evening of June 20. There were fifty members present, including the "Class Mother," Mrs. Junius Hill of Boston. The loyalty of Wellesley's daughters had a practical demonstration in the presence of members from Texas and New Mexico. Miss Foley, the president, presided as toast-mistress, and proposed these toasts:—

1. The Reunion . . . . . Carrie Mann
2. The Wide, Wide World . . . . Josephine Simrall
3. The President, pro tem . . . . . Alice Reed
4. Senior Day . . . . . Mary B. Hill
5. Ninety-four . . . . . Clara Helmer
6. The Employed . . . . . Helen Eager
7. The "School Marm" . . . . Lila Tayler
8. The Unemployed . . . . . Winifred Foster
9. The Social Horoscope . . . Katherine Winton
10. The Bride . . . . . Mary Young
11. The Girl Who Positively Refuses to be Engaged
Gertrude Bigelow
12. Remarks by Class Mother . . . Mrs. Hill

Marriages.

ADAMS — SMITH. At West Randolph, Vt., May 22, 1894, Tullius Justin Adams and Mabel Jeannette Smith, '89.

STRAUS—HOWE. At Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1894, Michael Straus and Mary Ware Howe, '88.

BLODGETT — JONES. At Brockton, Mass., June 13, 1894, Edward Dwight Blodgett, and Bertha Eveleth Jones, '85-'89.

HIRSHFIELD — ASHLEY. At Rochester, N. Y., May 23, 1894, Harry Hirshfield and Ruth Ashley, '96.

JENKINS — HOCKER. Miss Mattie Morrison Hocker, '93, to Mr. Burris Atkins Jenkins, at Lexington, Ky., Wednesday, May 23.

Death.

Mariana W. Blood, of the class of '91, Wellesley College.

The members of the class of '91 are overwhelmed with a sense of separation and of loss in the sudden death of our dear classmate, Mariana W. Blood.

We realize with gladness our classmate's freer life, and we are led to rejoice that hers must be the earliest attainment of "the Beautiful and the Good."

We sorrow most for those who love her most, and our tenderest sympathy is with these. Accordingly,

Whereas, we, the members of the class of '91 of Wellesley College, have lost our beloved classmate, Mariana W. Blood,

Resolved, That we express our loss to her family and friends.

Resolved, That we extend our loving sympathy to them and offer to them the comfort of our own deep trust and hope.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and that they be entered upon the minutes of the class organization.

Signed,

For the Class of '91 { BERTHA PALMER, Pres. / ELLEN JULIETTE WALL, Sec. / MARY W. CARTER, Treas. / ALMA EMERSON BEALE.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father in His loving wisdom has so suddenly taken from us our beloved sister in Phi Sigma, Mariana W. Blood, be it

Resolved, that we, the Alpha Chapter of the Society Phi Sigma, do hereby express our own deep sense of loss and our heartfelt sympathy with her family and friends in their great sorrow, and

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of her rare strength of character, and the inspiration that her memory must be to those who knew her; and

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

Signed,

L. MAY PITKIN, / M. GERTRUDE CUSHING, / EDITH JUDSON, } Committee.

May 16, 1894.

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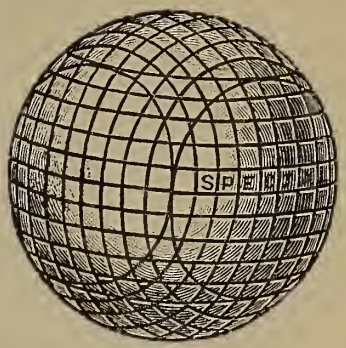

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